Don't Let Me Down

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Don't Let Me Down

by DancingSkys

Summary

Yoongi experiences Subdrop for the first time but Namjoon is there to make it all better.

Notes

No smut, huhu I'm sorry guys but there is much more to BDSM than just The Smut, so please bear with me and my need to write about this as well.

For those who don't know what subdrop is: It's caused by a sudden drop of endorphins and adrenaline which can happen after a scene, sometimes even a few days later, that causes physical and emotional discomfort in the form of pain, aches, fatigue, anxiety, depressive thoughts etc. The range of symptomps is incredibly broad and different for everyone and there is no general 'antidote' but oftentimes being close to your dom among other things helps to ease those feelings.

I have not forgotten about any requests, I have them all written down and I have started one already but I really need to focus to write smut... as strange as that sounds... and I had an important exam this week so... yeah. It might take a bit longer but I have not forgotten, don't worry.

If you have any ideas, requests or wishes for this story or anything else you would like to have written write a commnt here or hit me up on Tumblr (DancingSkys)~ I would really like to get some prompts or specific requests even if it's not for this series so I can update more stories. I'm usually more motivated when I'm writing something for someone so please don't hesitate <3

Yoongi hated subdrop more than anything else. It was awful, it made him feel like shit and there was not really anything he could do to prevent it. Namjoon had told him about it in the beginning of course, kind of warning him that it could happen even one or two days after a scene and to call him whenever he felt the need to if he wasn't around. He had a certain vibration pattern set for when Yoongi called him so he would pick up or call him back as soon as possible.

He could still remember the first time it had happened, frightening him because it had come without warning and not knowing what was happening although his dom had explained how it might feel.

The student had woken up in Namjoon's arms like every so often, snuggling happily and just feeling completely content with himself and his life, half lying on top of the older and hugging him close like an overgrown stuffed animal. Everything had been normal. He had felt great, although still a bit sleepy and tired but still nothing which would have alarmed him.

It all suddenly happened as the elder went to the bathroom for a quick trip to the toilet and within those few minutes he was gone Yoongi suddenly felt like the world hated him. It was all wrong, everything was wrong. Nothing made sense anymore, his thoughts trailed off into the strangest places, honestly believing he was weird, strange, stupid and Namjoon didn't actually like him.

He couldn't really explain what had been going through his head but he had felt like crying, feeling so… unworthy. He was just sad and felt depressed when those thoughts ran through his head without having appeared before in such a manner and being alone for the moment made it even worse. It terrified him, scared of his own mind so he curled up into a small, pitiful ball but it wouldn't stop, it only got more intense. He felt so hopeless, not even knowing why but he just wanted it to stop. He doubted everything, the way he felt, the way he was treated by his friends, the way Namjoon treated him, it all didn't make sense anymore, it was just a pretense, like the older would drop him like a hot potato once he was bored of him, that he was not good enough for him, that he was a bad sub and couldn't do things right, that he wasn't adventurous enough, that he lacked in many areas and Namjoon was fed up with him most of the time and his childish antics.

Without being able to stop it he started crying like a child, not knowing what was going on or how to stop it and it send him into some sort of panic, trying to hide under the blanket and get away somehow, choking on his sobs and shaking all over. He was sure Namjoon must have gotten the shock of his life after coming back because he all but jumped onto the bed after a moment of freezing in his steps, digging out his lover from underneath all the blankets and gathering him in his arms like a trophy made of glass that would break upon the faintest touch..

“Honey, talk to me, what’s wrong?” he asked, his usual calm demeanor cracking slightly and that frightened Yoongi even more, unable to calm down. There was really something wrong with him, even Namjoon thought so. His heart was beating wildly and he struggled to get away, tears blurrying his vision but the elder wouldn’t let him, figuring what was happening and taking a deep breath to calm his nerves. He needed to take the lead now, Yoongi was working himself up into a panic and never wanted his sub to feel the need to be so scared in his presence. He was his strong pillar, his wall to lean on, his support for whenever he needed him to be there.

“Yoongi, answer my questions,” he said, voice steady and thankfully reaching the younger who stilled slightly upon the change of tone, still crying and breathing in a choked up way. “Are you hurt somewhere, did I hurt you?” Namjoon asked, checking what always worried him the most. Pleasurable or wanted pain was very different from actual unwanted and nonconsensual pain inflicted upon someone even if it was an accident or unintentioned. It was his job as a dom to see and draw the line between the two and his sub trusted him fully to do so which made it so much more important.

The younger had to think for a while, not sure how to interpret the words for a moment before he thought about them, mentally checking his body once he had calmed down slightly and was able to do so but there was no uncomfortable physical pain so he shook his head carefully.

“Good, you’re doing great,” Namjoon said soothingly, rubbing his sub’s back and encouraging him to answer more questions. “Do you know why you’re crying?”

Yoongi whimpered pitifully, bottom lip trembling and a new rush of tears streamed down his cheeks as he shook his head, curling up and trying to hide away, not wanting to be seen like this and just wishing he could crawl into a hole. He rubbed at his eye harshly, not knowing

what else to do, until his hands were pushed down by Namjoon who tried to look at him but the younger turned his head away, not wanting to look at the older and see the disappointment in his eyes. The elder cupped his cheek and turned his face back to him gently, looking into Yoongi's red, watery eyes and running his thumb over the soft patch of skin across his cheek, the weak sobs hurting his heart.

"You're doing great," he said, the younger not really believing him. "You're having subdrop, it's okay. This happens sometimes. It's okay, it's all fine, everything's okay."

Yoongi's breaths stuttered slightly and his mind cleared a little bit.

Subdrop.

Yeah, he knew what that was, had heard and read about it but he didn't think he'd experience it himself. He didn't like it, not at all. Nothing could have prepared him for the wave of anxiety and depressive thoughts that had washed over him. His hands curled into Namjoon's shirt, wanting him close because he knew what was going on, he always watched out for Yoongi, he would do it now as well. He was the only one stabilizing him right now and he just wanted to have him closer, to be able to make sure he wouldn't go anywhere and leave him.

"Shh, it's fine, I'm right here," the lawyer whispered, running a hand through the younger's hair who was still crying silently and had curled even more into him, his heart constricting at seeing him like this. "It'll pass, you're doing just fine. I'm here. I love you, honey, you're doing great."

It took over three hours for Yoongi to calm down to a point where he didn't need to cling to Namjoon like a leech, eyes swollen and headache pounding behind his forehead. He sat up slowly and wiped his watery eyes carefully, sniffling and taking a shaky breath. He felt awful, completely drained and so, so tired. He had never experienced a crying fit like this one, still not back to normal and he was still somewhat scared of his own reaction but at least his head had cleared up a little bit.

Namjoon smiled at him and ran a hand through his sub's messy hair, massaging his scalp in a calming manner, once again reminding him that he was right there for him.

Yoongi nodded his head carefully, looking down and feeling ashamed for acting like a child, he sniffled and breathed through his mouth

because his nose was blocked, only staring at the sheets and not really knowing what to do. His mind felt strangely empty but still… gloomy. He couldn't really explain it, it was a very strange feeling and it made him feel incredibly weak.

"Honey," the lawyer said and sat up as well, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed and Yoongi looked up with a scared expression, scared of the older leaving him behind and his heart was already up in his throat again but at that moment Namjoon turned around with a smile and reached out for Yoongi's hand, the student looking at it blankly for some moments until he understood and carefully took his lover's hand, being pulled up onto his own two feet a moment later. "There we go," the older said, kissing the student's cheek and gently pulling him towards the kitchen where he seated him on top of the counter and worked on fixing the younger a cup of hot chocolate. It was no secret that chocolate made people feel better after all and we watched carefully as Yoongi drank slowly, some silent tears slipping from his eyes but the older just wiped them away gently, preparing some food for the two of them.

"I-I should go to college…" Yoongi said quietly once they were seated at the table, nibbling on some toast and Namjoon raised an eyebrow at him. "Are you sure you want to go?" he asked and the student stared down at his plate, not saying anything. "Honey, do you *want* to go?" he asked after some moments and Yoongi shook his head faintly, sniffling again. "Then why don't you stay here today, hm? We can watch some movies, you can sleep some more and then we'll order take out or we'll go down to the store and cook something nice. What do you think, hm?" he asked and Yoongi glanced at him in a conflicted manner.

"But… y-you have work," he croaked out unsurely. "I made you b-be late… I… I'm sorry." He wiped his eyes and took a shaky breath. "Fuck," he breathed out almost faintly. "Fuck, I'm sorry. I… I don't know what's g-going on… I s-should go to college…"

Namjoon pursed his lips slightly. "You don't have to go to college if you don't feel like it, cupcake. I can work from home if I have to, pumpkin, don't worry about that. I can stay home and we can spend some time together."

Yoongi rubbed his hands together in his lap, turning his head towards the side and not knowing what to say. He wanted nothing more than to curl up in a blanket and make Namjoon hold him for a week straight. He just wanted to snuggle and cuddle all day long, he didn't

want to sit in some stuffy room and listen to some stupid professor or do some stupid textwork. He didn't want to do anything and he really, really didn't want to be away from Namjoon any time soon. "I want to stay home," he whispered almost inaudibly but the lawyer still heard him.

"Okay, then we'll stay home," Namjoon said with a reassuring smile.

The rest of the day was spent with loving cuddles and sweet kisses, Yoongi sleeping on the couch while Namjoon worked a few feet away from him, seeking contact whenever he woke up and curling up into his side.

He still felt down but he didn't cry anymore at least. It go better throughout the day and in the evening the older even managed to talk him into choosing their dinner and taking a hot shower.

Of course he wasn't magically feeling like a whole new person the next day but he felt considerably better and good enough to go to college although he called Namjoon in between classes just to talk to him for some minutes and hugged the living daylights out of him once he got home, not letting go for even a second afterwards.

Subdrop wasn't a nice experience and he hated it whenever it happened but Namjoon cared for him to the best of his abilities. He couldn't always drop everything immediately and Yoongi knew that so he already felt a bit better just hearing the elder's voice while he waited for him so they could cuddle. He could never pinpoint when exactly it would happen and thankfully it was far and few between though those few times he would remember for sure. He was just glad he could count on the lawyer to take care of him and not get mad if he just sat in a corner, crying silently and not wanting to do anything for a day. Some people might get really angry but Namjoon just hummed in understanding and tried to cheer Yoongi up with self-made ice cream, his favorite animated movies and loads of cuddles and kisses and sweet 'I love you's.

That was the perfect remedy for Yoongi's subdrop.

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